
Title: Days of Old

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The old Blacksmithy shop in Britain is nearly as barren as the leafless trees of the surrounding country side. Only the memories of the past remain here, aside from the dedicated shopkeepers still maintaining the building. This place was a hub of activity that rivaled even the local bank.

Blacksmiths dedicated to their trade would stand at the forge for hours to create their wares and repair armor and weapons for the many customers that came by after their adventures. Those of us who were there regularly not only shared knowledge of the secrets of our trade but also kept tabs on the unscrupulous trying to steal precious heirlooms from the customers who trusted us.

It was a life filled with hard work, spending much of our time in the local mine to obtain the ore needed in order to maintain our near endless hunger for metal ingots. Such a life however, was truly rewarding. While the gold we made was necessary to maintain our livelihood, the true reward was the friends we all made by keeping

honesty and integrity the
cornerstone of our Trade.
I am honored to have
met so many good people
while learning the Trade
at the Britian Forge.

Dedicated to all who
worked at the Britain
Forge before split.